52,
Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.
Telephone : Museum 2621.

Monday 24.4.39

I'm having the usual after-influenza temperature, which makes me feel incredibly stupid. So I wired to say I wouldn't come tomorrow.

But if I'm all right I'll come & risk getting a seat. I thought you might want to give it away

Yes, I gather from the papers the wreckers have been a tremendous triumph. I'm proud & pleased — it's your favourite work of mine. So I'd like as how to see — but what the use of this shivery & ache wood in the head?

V.

52,
Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.
Telephone : Museum 2621.

Sunday May 14th-/39

I have been debating myself this wet evening
by reading Jeremy Taylor, & reflecting
upon my lack & what do poems — faith:
which lack has led to this letter, by the way:
for though he has hit that moment — oh dear me yes —
he has also hit Bromley & humming, like all
other preachers: & likes I that the book & look
write. I wonder how soon you would shut this
book? — how much more perverse to preaching
your faith makes you than myself? I dont
want an answer to that question. I
dont want to invade your privacy, when which
Taylor has a very fine passage. Are you still
as you were immured in the splendid solitude?
Dercote? Can you read, if you cant write?
I hope your symptoms dont mean anything
lasting. I rather count upon your presence as the-
Earth - your effluence, of Even if dont
come within the actual rag. That's a
compliment for you. I gather mine had a
shut action. when with they do the
Lockers again — oh hurry restart do.
asking questions, or you'll seize your

old staggering pen. In fact, your hand is a freak
sudden compared with mine. Dont you admire
the paper though? — I use it only for great

occasions —

I dont think I have much to say, yet there
persevere to write to you when I have a dozen
addled eggs & letters — all over a week de-
manding answers. But my head is like in
that forker which comes when the influenza dares —
as if my brain had coiled like sleeping adders
or jointed crocodiles. Isnt that Hyde Lindsay.
Thank the Lord, we're going to get 2 weeks in France —
after whitsun. Oh to drink wine in the sun!
Yes. I hope pulled the house down next door, &
work begins hammering finders tomorrow. And we
think of flitting to another square you can be
rid of your bore.

Why do I like boring Ethel with all this? Because of
her candid ~~face~~ smile. when I cant remember
how your mouth goes, I can always see your
innocent blue eyes. Yes, May Beerbohm —
Bernard Shaw ah have the same eyes — as if
you'd just wakened in Heaven — —
And here I go to take my letter —
my yellow worthless letter

V.

NYPL

Rota 2.4.63

52,
Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.
Telephone : Museum 2621.

Sunday 21 May 1939

I've lost your letter in a heap - oh the American processes have started working about my father now - in a heap of their demands for what they call intimate details: we can't be sure what you said about London - I'll write today at 5.30 & any road, I shall be in. But don't park your bones, as the nurses used to say. You said something about enthusiasm, debating: but that's one long time: only this knocking down of barriers makes the bare grey head more naked than naturally. Also you said something about Mrs. Lascelles & her tragedy. How I long to know -

though why? Because I made up a story about it.

Writ journey to Brittany for 2 weeks. Never been there. I have made up another story and the names Paimpol etc. & the fishing fleet from Loti, Renan, Chateaubriand — oh & above all, Le Rocher. I'm working about Lévêque. Have you read her? And like a worm under a stone tryst lost the weight of Roger. The stone in their family stamped down. So I'm about 6 books in my head. Steiner Benzon's life has been just torture: a dreadful book. Judging from 10 pages: but why choose Ellis Roberts to serve me up in cold dishwater?

To End in hasta to cock Sunday dinner.

NYPL

Rota 2.4.63

Monk's House,
Rodmell,
near Lewes,
Sussex.

5 June 8. 1939

Yes, the lady whose name I cant remember
but think it was Countess Lermontov
& something of the kind came: & in
strictest privacy - most secret confidence,
&c, I didnt take it her.
She seemed to me undersized, & (you
know what I mean: I dont mean as they
about birth, but something about mind & flesh:
There was a little cringing & plausible, &
wrote to thank us, which I
thought genuine. On the other hand, she
was as bright as a new penny &
brisk as a sandhopper. And I
thought she might pass out better in
~~the~~ solitude. We were the Snailey.
& the flesh I dedit like - & the clothing & the
fawning. So that all . . about
Countess Lermontov. And I am

P.S.

trying to make a weekbag for the journey
& clothes for night journeys. Then
annual facts before my wardrobe.

A raging Mistral now:
ah beauty, joy destroyed. Mrs
Elizabeth Robins such ages like
Pat Anders has just been over.
Yes, ah Ellen with such me
in Brittany. a hint to
work: for I'm young to
work & must have a thing to
but think of ~~absent~~ absent
friend, & Madame de Lévezé
Lord how I look forward to
French food, wine, sun, & yellow
houses. Yes, & we pass
Combourg where Chateaubriand
lived too. J.

NYPL

Rota 2.V.63

24 June 1939

Bayeux

Sunday.

St Johns Night.

No we kept clear of St Malo, & went down to Vannes, & round to Carnac, Pointpol &: & are now here, in the midst of Crackers, fireworks, Religious Processions, & endless merry go rounds. The tobacconist, who says he's descended from the Bishop of Dublin, but cant remember the name, says they'll keep it up till 3 a.m. Its midsummer night, rather cold, but Lord how picturesque! Civilised & sensuous the French are

compared with us, a hour at Liberalis-
the road to drink a ~~good~~ bottle of
good wine daily, sit in the sun,
even the white robed clergy under
Palanquins dont offend, but even
India in me rejects for our strong
Grim Protestantism- Yes. I went to
Les Rochers: also saw Lamac,
which is somehow impressive, like an
army of old washerwomen emerging from
prehistoral times. each with a sheet on her
head. Heavens, what a row the
French do make — a no shuttery. And I'm
reading Colette, "Duo": all about love: a
rather too slangy for my vocabulary, but
what a born writer! Then the waltzes
through the dictionary- I got your
letter, & read them with speed. I dont want
to come back to England, but we cross tomorrow.
An old man in black velvet with silver
buttons is playing a bagpipe under the

Rota 2.4.63

Druid
David Shepherd must have played to
Iberian goats. And now a youth in
medieval scarlet has seized a
fife with a tower of which Caen in
her hair & theyre dancing. Can
you imagine Mr Piddinghae
& closing with Mr Jolywick —
& what the use of bogue &
Chartes Cambucke conversations if one
cant do that?

However its growing cold, & I'm
sleepy, having been to Caen, having
done all sorts of exciting things. What!
Look, I wont begin finder how wakey
at my time of tipsiness &c.)
apres that The Poets Pub — Wotton
& Yeats — is a sophisticated
Lumbago. The French degree at 60

does not lend itself to a jumper—
the good lady in front of me is
like a Cottage loaf: but as
light a body as a pen or a
mackerel.

Now the lights in our
Hotel Lanterns are about to be
lit. I must follow St John
through the Streets

Excuse this scrap of
Letter, which testifies to
my devotion & is for that reason
to be spared.

NYPL

V.

Rota 2. 4. 65